



" Prompt to improve and to invite,
 " We blend instruction with delight."

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POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
 " Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

Rosa St. Herbert,

OR THE MAID OF THE INN.

" So, so !" vociferated the corpulent and rosy-faced hostess of the Indian Chief, the only inn the little village of B—— afforded, raising her stentorian voice to the highest pitch of which it was capable, and waddling across the hall, as fast as her unwieldy frame would permit ;—" So, so !—no wonder my house is beset with vagrants—away to your work hussey, and, hark ye, no more of your loading off idle beggars with the hard earnings of honest industry—away to your work, I say !—why the girl stands as immovable as a statue !"

The shrill tones of the landlady had drawn to the door of his room, which opened into the hall, one, who continued to stand an unnoticed and almost involuntary spectator of the scene ; for so intently was his gaze fixed on the timid and beautiful being so rudely and strangely addressed, that he thought not of the impropriety of thus becoming a listener to what was not intended for his ear, which perhaps at another time his delicacy might have forbidden.

The object, that had so suddenly and forcibly arrested his attention, was a slender looking female, who, apparently had scarce numbered sixteen summers ; her face though pale was one of surpassing loveliness, and her exquisitely turned form might have afforded a model for the statuary ; at least so thought the enraptured traveller. She stood, her eyes bent to the earth, their long silken lashes, suffused with tears, a tumbler in one hand and a tray of bread in the other, seemingly hesitating between the fear of further offending her enraged mistress and a desire to say something in her own defence.

" Poor old man !" she at length falteringly exclaimed, and the stranger drew in his breath that he might not lose a syllable uttered by a voice, whose tones he thought were the sweetest he had ever heard ;—" he asked," she continued, struggling with her tears, " but a draught of water and a bit of dry bread, and I could not find it in my heart to refuse a fellow being so small a boon.—My sainted mother never taught me to turn the hungry away empty—and I thought not to offend ; but if I have done wrong you will oblige me by satisfying yourself out of my wages for the trifling pittance of your property I thoughtlessly appropriated to the relief of the distressed."

" Your wages ! you baggage, your wages !—A pretty story truly, after keeping you, out of pure charity, these three months since your mother's death, who didn't leave you a farthing, and whose paltry things had to be sold to pay her funeral charges, and my honest dues, to be dunned for wages !—What have you done to earn wages ?—Tell of hearts too, forsooth, such folks as you !—Where would you have been if it hadn't been for me ?—answer me that !" cried the virago, fixing her eyes sparkling with rage on the trembling girl, who thus in the morning of life was thrown upon the world, exposed to the taunts of the overbearing, and the arts of the designing, without a protector, or even a friend, to whom she could look for sympathy or advice.

All the misery of her desolate situation broke at this moment with twofold force upon the unhappy orphan—her utter loneliness came like an iceberg upon her heart, and seemed for a moment to benumb every faculty of her soul ; but then, as if suddenly endowed with energy from above, her long dormant spirit, though naturally mild, and now bending beneath the weight of accumulated sorrows, rose indignant at such unmerited abuse.

" Mrs. Thorntree," said she, with an air of firmness, and in a voice from which all traces of her late agitation were banished, though the cheek that had been blanched by early sorrow,

was slightly tinged as she spoke, "it needed not that my wounds should be opened afresh to render me sensible that I am poor and friendless; but, that Rosa St. Herbert was considered as a dependant upon your charity, I had yet to learn. If I have thus long been a burden to you, be assured I will be so no more. In this village, the scene alas! to us both, of so many sorrows, my poor mother thought to have found a refuge from the storms of life in the home and bosom of a father; and the disappointment she experienced on learning that he was no more, and that his estate had been declared insolvent, added to her so recent bereavement of a beloved and almost idolized husband, was more than she, in her feeble state of health, could endure—she sunk under her repeated afflictions—my last earthly friend was consigned to the tomb!" a deep drawn sigh burst from her bosom as she exclaimed, "and would that I too, were at peace in that only asylum of the wretched!"—Checking her momentary emotion, she proceeded—"But I meant not to touch upon my sorrows, nor would I murmur at my wayward destiny; it is the appointment of Him who governs all his creatures in wisdom and in goodness. I would only say, that though my mother's death left me an isolated being, had you not expressed a wish to engage me in your service, and given me reason to expect at least some trifling compensation, I should have sought, and I trust found, ere this, another home—I shall trouble you, however, no longer, than to-morrow."

"Pretty airs—pretty airs!—you may thank my patience that I didn't cut short, your fine speech—I rather guess you won't find it so easy to get another home."

"I presume, madam," replied the persecuted girl, with perfect calmness, and in accents that formed a striking contrast to the angry tone in which she was addressed; "my grandfather left some friends in this place, who, now that he is gone, would be willing to assist, if but with their counsel, his orphan granddaughter. To them, if such there be, I shall apply—and trust through their aid to obtain a situation where my services will be better appreciated."

"Well, well, girl, perhaps you may; but if you choose to stay with me, we won't differ about wages—I'm rather quick, but you mustn't mind it," said the termagant, cooled down at the prospect of losing the friendless being, whose services she had pretended were of so little worth. But the concession came too late—the spirit of Rosa was roused, and, though her heart was ready to burst, she turned proudly and in silence away, determined on leaving her present unpleasant abode: but in spite of her assumed confidence her bosom was tortured with fearful apprehensions, as she reflected on the uncertainty of procuring another.

So absorbing were the painful and bitter sensations of Rosa, and so fearful was she, that

notwithstanding her apparent composure, the internal struggle by which it was maintained might become visible to her persecutor, that, though nearly facing the stranger, she was unconscious of his presence, till, as she hastily turned, she caught his dark eye riveted on her face with an expression of mingled pity and admiration, which plainly evinced that, though an unobserved, he had been by no means an uninterested hearer of the unpleasant colloquy, just related, between her and dame Thorn-tree. He drew back as she passed—and, blushing to the temples, at the thought of having been thus overheard and attentively regarded, she sought the solitude of her chamber to consider on the best means of accelerating her intended departure: and there gave vent to her feelings in a flood of grateful and salutary tears.

Everard de Vere, for such was the name of the stranger, flinging to the door, paced with hurried steps to and fro the floor of his apartment; at intervals incoherently talking or rather muttering to himself.—"Rosa St. Herbert—Rosa St. Herbert, murmured he, a sweet name, and befitting the angelic being that bears it!—so young, so lovely, and so destitute—and yet, so resigned!—Why are the gifts, of fortune thus unequally dispensed?—why am I so bountifully blessed with riches and honours, while one apparently so deserving, and so well calculated to adorn a higher sphere, is thus fated to languish in obscurity, writhing under the pressure of poverty and oppression?—How true, alas, are the words of the poet!—

'Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air!'

Yet heaven is my witness with what pleasure I would transplant this fair and drooping flower to a more genial soil, where it might bloom in all its pristine loveliness."

Such were the cogitations of a bachelor—one, whom the world called cold, and believed altogether unsusceptible of the power of female attractions; a native too, and resident of the proud city of New-York, where he had revelled in all the magnificence and gaiety of high life, and daily encountered the splendid assemblages of beauty and fashion, that add so much to the interest and pleasure of a stroll in its far-famed Broadway. But the shafts of Cupid had been levelled in vain, and the *cunning urchin*, in high dudgeon, was fain to stretch forth his light wings and accompany the wary bachelor to B——. And there, while off his guard, like the weary sentinel, slumbering at his post, he threw around him, suddenly, and at a moment when least suspected, his rosy fetters.

Our bachelor, though handsome and accomplished, was a novice in the science of love. At twenty he might indeed have been sensi-

ble of the nature of his chains ; but having arrived at the sober side of thirty in safety, he unconsciously hugged them in false security ; deeming the interest he felt in the fate of the fascinating Rosa, but the offspring of pity for her desolate situation. The thought, that he, the descendent of a proud and wealthy house, could stoop to an alliance with an humble village maiden, had not even entered his imagination ; and, to his honour be it spoken, Everard de Vere would have recoiled with horror from the most distant idea of insulting with proposals of a dishonourable nature, the unprotected girl, who had so powerfully awakened his sympathy.

"Suppose," at last thought Everard, "since a bachelor is not allowed the privilege of assisting an unfortunate female, if at the same time she happen to be young and handsome, 'suppose I should apply to Mrs. Jones, on whom I purposed calling, she has a kind heart, and I am sure will not refuse me her aid and advice in this delicate and perplexing affair.'"

(Concluded in our next.)

Hannah.

BY MISS MARY RUSSEL MILFORD.

The prettiest cottage on our village-green is the little dwelling of Dame Wilson. It stands in a corner of the common, where the hedge-rows go curving off into a sort of bay, round a clear bright pond, the earliest haunt of the swallow. A deep, woody, green lane—such as Hobbima or Ruydsdael might have painted—a lane that hints of nightingales, forms one boundary of the garden, and a sloping meadow the other ; whilst the cottage itself, a low, thatched, irregular building, backed by a blooming orchard, and covered with honeysuckle and jessamine, looks like the chosen abode of snugness and comfort. And so it is.

Dame Wilson was a respected domestic in a most respectable family, where she passed all the early part of her life, and which she quitted only on her marriage with a man of character and industry, and of that peculiar universality of genius which forms, what is called in country phrase, a handy fellow. He could do any sort of work ; was thatcher, carpenter, bricklayer, painter, gardener, game-keeper, "every thing by turns, and nothing long." No job came amiss to him. He killed pigs, mended shoes, cleaned clocks, doctored dogs, cows, and horses, and even went so far as bleeding and drawing teeth in his experiments on the human subject. In addition to these multifarious talents, he was ready, obliging and unfearing ; jovial withal, and fond of good fellowship ; and endowed with a promptness of resource which made him the general adviser of the stupid, the puzzled, and the timid. He was universally admitted to be the cleverest man in the parish ; and his death, which happened about ten years ago, in consequence

of standing in the water, drawing a pond for one neighbour, at a time when he was overheated by loading hay for another, made quite a gap in our village commonwealth.

John Wilson had no rival, and has had no successor—for the Robert Ellis, whom certain youngsters would fain exalt to a co-partnership of fame, is simply nobody—a bell ringer, a ballad-singer—a troller of profane catches—a fiddler—a bruiser—a loller on alehouse benches—a teller of good stories—a mimic—a poet ! What is all this to compare with the solid parts of John Wilson ? Whose clock hath Robert Ellis cleaned ? whose windows hath he mended ? whose horse hath he broken ? whose pigs hath he rung ? whose pond hath he fished ? whose hay hath he saved ? whose cow hath he cured ? whose calf hath he killed ? whose teeth hath he drawn ? whom hath he bled ? Tell me that, irreverent whipsters ! No ! John Wilson is not to be replaced. He was missed by the whole parish ; and most of all he was missed at home. His excellent wife was left the sole guardian and protector of two fatherless girls ; one an infant at her knee, the other a pretty handy lass about nine years old. Cast thus upon the world, there must have been much to endure, much to suffer ; but it was borne with a smiling patience, a hopeful cheeriness of spirit, and a decent pride, which seemed to command success as well as respect in their struggle for independence. Without assistance of any sort, by needle-work, by washing and mending lace and fine linen, and other skillful and profitable labours, and by the produce of her orchard and poultry, Dame Wilson contrived to maintain herself and her children in their old comfortable home. There was no visible change ; she and the little girls were as neat as ever ; the house had still within and without the same sunshiny cleanliness, and the garden was still famous over all other gardens for its cloves, and stocks, and double wall-flowers.

But the sweetest flower of the garden, the joy and pride of her mother's heart, was her daughter Hannah. Well might she be proud of her ! At sixteen Hannah Wilson was, beyond a doubt, the prettiest girl in the village, and the best. Her beauty was quite in a different style from the common country rosebud, far more choice and rare. Its chief characteristic was modesty. A light youthful figure, exquisitely graceful and rapid in all its movements ; springy, elastic, and buoyant as a bird and almost as shy ; a fair innocent face, with downcast blue eyes, and smiles and blushes coming and going almost with her thoughts ; a low soft voice, sweet even in its monosyllables ; a dress remarkable for neatness and propriety, and borrowing from her delicate beauty an air of superiority not its own—such was the outward woman of Hannah. Her mind was very like her person ; modest, graceful, gentle, affectionate, grateful, and generous above all.

The generosity of the poor is always a very real and fine thing; they give what they want; and Hannah was of all poor people the most generous. She loved to give; it was her pleasure, her luxury. Rosy-cheeked apples, plums with the bloom on them, nosegays of cloves and blossomed myrtle: these were offerings which Hannah delighted to bring to those whom she loved, or those who had shown her kindness; whilst to such of her neighbors as needed other attentions than fruit and flowers, she would give her time, her assistance, her skill; for Hannah inherited her mother's dexterity in feminine employments, with something of her father's versatile power.

Besides being an excellent laundress, she was accomplished in all the arts of the needle, millinery, dress-making, and plain work; a capital cutter-out, an incomparable mender, and endowed with a gift of altering, which made old things better than new. She had no rival at a *rifacimento*, as half the turned gowns on the common can witness. As a dairy-woman, and a rearer of poultry, she was equally successful: none of her ducks and turkeys ever died of neglect or carelessness: or, to use the phrase of the poultry-yard on such occasions, of "ill-luck." Hannah's fowls never dreamed of sliding out of the world in such an ignoble way; they all lived to be killed, to make a noise at their deaths, as chickens should do.

She was also a famous "scholar;" kept accounts, wrote bills, read letters, and answered them; was a trusty accountant, and a safe confidante. There was no end to Hannah's usefulness or Hannah's kindness; and her prudence was equal to either. Except to be kind or useful, she never left her home; attended no fairs, or revels, or Mayings; went no where but to church; and seldom made a nearer approach to rustic revelry than by standing at her own garden gate on a Sunday evening, with her little sister in her hand, to look at the lads and lasses on the green.

In short, our village beauty had fairly reached her twentieth year without a sweetheart, without the slightest suspicion of her ever having written a love-letter on her own account; when, all of a sudden, appearances changed. She was missing at the "accustomed gate;" and one had seen a young man go into Dame Wilson's; and another had descried a trim elastic figure walking, not unaccompanied, down the shady lane. Matters were quite clear. Hannah had gotten a lover; and, when poor little Susan, who deserted by her sister, ventured to peep rather nearer to the gay group, was laughingly questioned on the subject, the hesitating *no*, and the half *yes*, of the smiling child were equally conclusive.

Since the new marriage act,* we, who be-

* It is almost unnecessary to observe that this little story was written during the short life of that whimsical experiment in legislation.

long to country magistrates, have gained a priority over the rest of the parish in matrimonial news. We—the privileged—see on a work-day the names which the sabbath announces to the generality. Many a blushing awkward pair bath our little lame clerk—a sorry Cupid—ushered in between dark and light to stammer and hacker, to bow and curtsey, to sign or make a mark, as it pleases heaven. One Saturday, at the usual hour, the limping clerk made his appearance; and, walking through our little hall, I saw a fine athletic young man, the very image of health and vigour, mental and bodily, holding the hand of a young woman, who, with her head half buried in a geranium in the window, was turned bashfully away, listening, and yet not seeming to listen, to his tender whispers. The shrinking grace of that bending figure was not to be mistaken.

"Hannah!" and she went aside with me, and a rapid series of questions and answers conveyed the story of the courtship.

"William was," said Hannah, "a hatter in B. He had walked over one Sunday evening to see the cricketing, and then he came again. Her mother liked him. Every body liked her William—and she had promised—she was going—was it wrong?"

"Oh no!—and where are you to live?"

"William has got a house in B. He lives with Mr. Smith, the rich hatter in the market place, and Mr. Smith speaks of him—oh, so well! But William will not tell me where our house is. I suppose in some narrow street or lane, which he is afraid I shall not like, as our common is so pleasant. He little thinks—any where——"

She stopped suddenly; but her blush and her clasped hands finished the sentence, "any where with him!"

"And when is the happy day?"

"On Monday fortnight, madam," said the bridegroom elect, advancing with the little clerk to summon Hannah to the parlour, "the earliest day possible."

He drew her arm through his, and we parted.

The Monday fortnight was a glorious morning; one of those rare November days when the sky and the air are soft and bright as in April.

"What a beautiful day for Hannah!" was the first exclamation at the breakfast table.

"Did she tell you where they should dine?"

"No, madam; I forgot to ask."

"I can tell you," said the master of the house, with somewhat of good-humoured importance in his air, somewhat of the look of a man who, having kept a secret as long as it was necessary, is not sorry to get rid of the burthen. "I can tell you: in London."

"In London!"

"Yes. Your little favourite has been in high luck. She has married the only son of one

of the best and richest men in B. Mr. Smith the great hatter. It is quite a romance," continued he: "William Smith walked over one Sunday evening to see a match at cricket. He saw our pretty Hannah, and forgot to look at the cricketers. After having gazed his fill, he approached to address her, and the little damsel was off like a bird. William did not like her the less for that, and thought of her the more. He came again and again; and at last contrived to tame this wild dove, and even to get the *entree* of the cottage. Hearing Hannah talk, is not the way to fall out of love with her. So William, at last finding his case serious, laid the matter before his father, and requested his consent to the marriage. Mr. Smith was at first a little startled; but William is an only son, and an excellent son; and after talking with me, and looking at Hannah—I believe her sweet face was the more eloquent advocate of the two—he relented; and having a spice of his son's romance, finding that he had not mentioned his situation in life, he made point of its being kept secret till the wedding-day. We have managed the business of settlements; and William, having discovered that his fair bride had some curiosity to see London—a curiosity, by the by, which I suspect she owes to you or poor Lucy—intends taking her thither for a fortnight. He will then bring her home to one of the best houses in B. a fine garden, fine furniture, fine clothes, fine servants, and more money than she will know what to do with. Really the surprise of Lord E's farmer's daughter, when, thinking she had married his steward, he brought her to Burleigh, and installed her as its mistress, could hardly have been greater. I hope the shock will not kill Hannah though, as it is said to have been the case with that poor lady."

"Oh no! Hannah loves her husband too well. Any where with him!"

And I was right. Hannah has survived the shock. She is returned to B. and I have been to call on her. I never saw any thing so delicate and bride-like as she looked in her white gown and her lace mob, in a room light and simple and tasteful and elegant, with nothing fine except some beautiful green-house plants. Her reception was a charming mixture of sweetness and modesty, a little more respectful than usual, and far more shamefaced! Poor thing! her cheeks must have pained her! But this was the only difference. In every thing else she is still the same Hannah, and has lost none of her old habits of kindness and gratitude. She was making a handsome matronly cap, evidently for her mother; and spoke, even with tears, of her new father's goodness to her and to Susan. She would fetch the cake and wine herself, and would gather, in spite of all remonstrance, some of her choicest flowers as a parting nosegay. She did, indeed, just hint at her troubles with visitors and servants—how strange and sad it was!—seemed distressed at

ringing the bell, and visibly shrank from the sound of a double knock. But, in spite of these calamities Hannah is a happy woman. The double rap was her husband's, and the glow on her cheek, and the smile of her lips and eyes when he appeared, spoke more plainly than ever, "Any where with him!"

BIOGRAPHY.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

Joseph Warren.

A major-general in the American army, and a distinguished patriot, was born at Roxbury, Massachusetts, in the year 1741. At the age of fifteen he entered Harvard college, and received the honours of that seminary in 1759, and 1762. On leaving college he directed his attention to the study of medicine, and in a few years became one of the most eminent physicians in Boston. But he lived at a period, when greater objects claimed his attention, than those which related particularly to his profession. The calls of a distracted country were paramount to every consideration of his own interests; and he entered the vortex of politics, never to return to the peaceful course of professional labour.

The change in public opinion had been gradually preparing the minds of most men for a revolution. This was not openly avowed; amelioration of treatment for the present, and assurances of kindness in future, were all that the colonies asked from Great Britain; but these they did not receive.

The mother country mistook the spirit of her children, and used threats when kindness would have been the best policy. When Britain declared her right to direct, govern, and tax us in any form, and at all times, the colonies reasoned, remonstrated, and entreated for a while; and when these means did not answer, they defied and resisted. The political writers of the province had been active and busy, but they were generally screened by fictitious names, or sent their productions anonymously into the world; but the time had arrived when speakers of nerve and boldness were wanted to raise their voices against oppression in every shape. Warren possessed first-rate qualities for an orator, and had early declared in the strongest terms his political sentiments, which were somewhat in advance of public opinion; for he held as tyranny all taxation, which could be imposed by the British parliament upon the colonies.

His first object was to enlighten the people; and then he felt sure of engaging their feelings in the general cause. He knew once they began, it would be impossible to tread back—*independence only would satisfy the country.*

He embraced every opportunity to assert and defend the most bold and undisguised principles of liberty, and defying in their very teeth the agents of the crown.

Twice he was elected to deliver the oration on the 5th of March, in commemoration of the *massacre*; and his orations are among the most distinguished productions by that splendid list of speakers who addressed their fellow citizens on this subject, so interesting to them all. These occasions gave the orators a fine field for remark, and a fair opportunity for effect. The great orators of antiquity in their speeches attempted only to rouse the people to retain what they possessed. Invective, entreaty, and pride had their effect in assisting these mighty masters to influence the people. They were ashamed to lose what their father's left them, won by their blood, and so long preserved by their wisdom, their virtues, and their courage. Our statesman had a harder task to perform, for they were compelled to call on the people to gain what they had never enjoyed—an independent rank and standing among the nations of the world.

From the year 1768, he was a principal member of a secret meeting or caucus in Boston, which had great influence on the concerns of the country. With all his boldness and decision, and zeal, he was circumspect and wise.

His next oration was delivered March 6, 1775. It was at his own solicitation that he was appointed to this duty a second time. This fact is illustrative of his character, and worthy of remembrance.

Some of the British officers of the army then in Boston had publicly declared that it should be at the price of the life of any man to speak of the event of March 5, 1770, on that anniversary. Warren's soul took fire at such a threat, so openly made, and he wished for the hour of braving it. The day came, and the weather was remarkably fine. The old south meeting-house was crowded at an early hour. The British officers occupied the isles the flight of steps to the pulpit, and several of them were in it. The orator, with the assistance of his friends, made his entrance at the pulpit window by a ladder. The officers seeing his coolness and intrepidity, made way for him to advance and address the audience. An awful stillness preceded his exordium. Each man felt the palpitations of his own heart, and saw the pale but determined face of his neighbour. The speaker began his oration in a firm tone of voice, and proceeded with great energy and pathos.

The scene was sublime; a patriot in whom the flush of youth, and the grace and dignity of manhood were combined, stood armed in the sanctuary of God, to animate and encourage the sons of liberty, and to hurl defiance at their oppressors.

Such another hour has seldom happened in the history of man, and is not surpassed in the records of nations.

The thunders of Demosthenes rolled at a distance from Philip and his host—and Tully poured the fiercest torrent of his invective

when Catiline was at a distance, and his dagger no longer to be feared; but Warren's speech was made to proud oppressors resting on their arms, whose errand it was to overawe, and whose business it was to fight.

If the deed of Brutus deserved to be commemorated by history, poetry, painting, and sculpture—should not this instance of patriotism and bravery be held in everlasting remembrance? If he

“That struck the foremost man of all this world, was hailed as the first of freemen, what honours are not due to him, who undismayed bearded the British lion, to show the world what his countrymen dared to do in the cause of liberty? If the statue of Brutus was placed among those of the gods, who were the preservers of Roman freedom, should not that of Warren fill a lofty niche in the temple reared to perpetuate the remembrance of our birth as a nation?”

It was he, who on the evening before the battle of Lexington obtained information of the intended expedition against Concord, and at 10 o'clock at night despatched an express to Messrs. Hancock and Adams, who were at Lexington, to warn them of their danger.

On the next day he hastened to the field of action, in the full ardour of his soul, and shared the dangers of the day. The people were delighted with his bravery, and already considered him as a leader, whose gallantry they were to admire, and in whose talents they were to confide.

On the 14th June, 1775, the Provincial congress of Massachusetts, appointed him a major-general of their forces. He was at this time president of the provincial congress, having been elected the preceding year a member from the town of Boston. In this body he discovered his extraordinary powers of mind, and his peculiar fitness for responsible offices at such a juncture.

On the 18th, when the intrenchments were made at Bunker's Hill, he, to encourage the men within the lines, went down from Cambridge, and acted as a volunteer. Just as the retreat commenced, a ball struck him on the head, and he died in the trenches, aged thirty-five years. He was the first victim of rank that fell in the struggle with Great-Britain. In the requiem over those who have fallen in the cause of their country, which

“Time with his own eternal lips shall sing,”

the praises of Warren shall be distinctly heard.

His mind was vigorous, his disposition humane, and his manners affable and engaging. In his integrity and patriotism entire confidence was placed. To the most undaunted bravery he added the virtues of domestic life, the eloquence of an accomplished orator, and the wisdom of an able statesman.

In all labour there is profit; but the talk of the lips tends only to penury.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

The Rose.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

I saw a rose perfect in beauty; it rested gracefully upon its stalk, and its perfume filled the air. Many stopped to gaze upon it, many bowed to taste its fragrance, and its owner hung over it with delight. I passed it again, and behold it was gone—its root had withered; the enclosure which surrounded it was broken down. The spoiler had been there; he saw that many admired it;—he knew it was dear to him who planted it, and beside it he had no other plant to love. Yet he snatched it secretly from the hand that cherished it; he wore it on his bosom till it hung its head and faded, and when he saw that its glory was departed, he flung it rudely away. But it left a thorn in his bosom, and vainly did he seek to extract it; for now it pierces the spoiler, even in this hour of mirth. And when I saw that no man, who had loved the beauty of the rose, gathered again its scattered leaves, or bound up its stalk which the hands of violence had broken, I looked earnestly at the spot where it grew, and my soul received instruction. And I said, Let her who is full of beauty and admiration, setting like the queen of flowers in majesty among the daughters of women, let her remember that she standeth upon slippery places, "and be not high minded, but fear."

The Yankee.—A Yankee is a Yankee over the globe, and you might know him, if you met him on the "mountain of the moon," in five minutes, by his nationality. We love and honour him for it, where it is not carried to a blinding prejudice. He remembers his school-house, the peculiar mode of discipline in which he was reared, the place where he played, skated and bathed in his blithe morning of life, where are the ashes of his forefathers, and where he was baptized and married. Wherever he "trades and traffics," on distant seas, rivers, or mountains, he will only forget his native accent, and his natal spot, when his "right hand forgets that cunning" for which he has such an undeserved celebrity.

Humble Merit.—When Michael Adamson an eminent French naturalist, was chosen a member of the Institute, he answered, that he could not accept of the invitation, "as he had no shoes."

"You bromish," says old Squire Gabel to the bridegroom, whoever that happy man may be, "You bromish to hap dis woman for your wife." Yes. "Und you madam bromish for to hap dis man for your husband." Yes. "Vell I pronounce you to be one flesh and one

beef. Und now I pooblish de bawns of dis matrimony, before Got, mine wife, Dolly, Harry, und de rest of de childers. Und, ash de scriptur says, vat Got puts togedder, let no man poot asoonder.—Und now, (giving the bridegroom a poke in the ribs) *vere ish mine tollar.*

The way to speak.—A gentleman on a visit some time ago, at Doe Park, Woolton, who was taking a walk before breakfast, met a pedestrian who inquired from him, the way to the township of *Speke*. "Sir," says he, "which is the way to *Speke*?" The stranger not knowing such a place, hastily replied, "Why, man, open your mouth, to be sure."

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1828.

The Opera Glass.—This is the title of a periodical recently commenced in New-York; the first number of which we have received. It is devoted to the fine arts, literature and the drama, and is published weekly on fine medium paper, in the quarto form, at five dollars per annum. The number before us contains eight neatly printed pages, made up wholly of original articles, said to be all from the pen of its editor, James S. Wallace, Esq. a young gentleman of acknowledged talents.

The liberality of the Manager of the American Theatre at New-Orleans is well calculated to arouse the slumbering energies of our Dramatic writers, whose attention is invited to the following:—

Premiums.—For the better encouragement of native dramatic writing, the Manager of the American Theatre at New-Orleans, offers three hundred dollars for the best Tragedy, in five acts, to be produced by the first of October 1829. The successful writer shall also have his Benefit on the fifth night.

The second best production shall be entitled to one hundred and fifty dollars, and a Benefit on the fifth night.

The pieces offered shall be subject to the examination of a literary committee.

The pieces must be forwarded to New-Orleans free of postage or charge to the subscriber.

JAMES H. CALDWELL.

New York, September 10, 1823.

Jacob S. Lansing is appointed Post Master, in Sullivan, Madison co. in the place of George Eager, Esq. deceased.

MARRIED.

At Edinburgh, Saratoga Co. N. Y. on the 4th inst. Mr. Amos Hunt to Miss Ann Clarke, both of that place.

At New-Lebanon, Mr. John Smith to Miss Lucena Griggs, all of that place.

At Athens, on Sunday morning last, by the Rev. Mr. Prentice, Mr. Oren E. Orsborn, to Miss Eliza Fosdick.

At Chatham, Mr. James Tobias, to Miss Abigail Reed, all of that place.

At the same place, Mr. W. B. Cornell, to Miss Sarah Barton, all of that place.

In Stuyvesant, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sickles, Mr. Andrew W. Whitbeck, to Miss Catherine Staats, both of that place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 9th inst. Mrs. Grace Ferris, in the 28th year of her age, wife of Dr. J. Ferris.

On the 19th inst. of a consumption, Mr. Asahel Woodworth, aged 63.

On the 15th inst. Georgiana, infant daughter of Mr. George M. Griffin, of Troy, aged 7 months.



POETRY.

FROM THE LADIES' MAGAZINE.

THE EYE OF THE DEAD.

"You may call it weakness;—but I feel as if his eye, though departed, still regarded my actions,—as if his spirit still hovered over those objects once so fondly loved."

NORTHWOOD, 2d Vol.

Eye of the dead!—Ye say its stream
Is frozen in the tomb,—
But yet I feel its lingering beam
My inmost soul illumine;
It gleams at twilight's musing hour,
Ere evening lamps are bright;
It glows o'er midnight's sable power
With deep, unearthly light.

When o'er the cataract's solemn roar
I hang with thoughtful breast,
Or those deep, shadowy, dells explore,
Which oft its glance had blest;
Or when its cherished plants I tend
With fond and faithful cares,
Or o'er its once-lov'd pages bend.
My lone delight it shares.

It meets me at the altar's side,
Where contrite spirits sigh,
And when the stars with holy pride
Bedeck the evening sky;
'Tis bright when every star is hid,
And wintry tempests rave;—
Why will ye say 'tis quenched amid
The darkness of the grave?

H.

FROM THE BOWER OF TASTE.

AUTUMN.

I know 'tis bright—'tis beautiful!—but yet
I ne'er could look on Autumn's golden leaf,
Her robe of changeable dye, and not regret
That vernal loveliness should be so brief.

Who sighs not over Summer's fading rose?
Although around us other flowers are wreathing,
Whose bosoms richer, gayer tints disclose,
And with whose fragrance every gale is breathing.

Still, this fair flower, to young affection dear,
If once enshrin'd within a faithful breast,
Oh, never to the heart that lov'd sincere,
Can other blossoms be as fondly prest.

Yet when the garden's loveliness is past,
We look upon the forest's towering pride,
Which, though we know too soon must meet the blast,
We breathe a fervent wish to hope allied—

That soft Fatonian gales, with gentle breath,
And genial suns the fading scene may cheer,
Arrest awhile the chilling shafts of death,
And sigh a requiem o'er the closing year!

Oh! there's a desolation wild, and bleak,
In winter's dread approach: our bosoms feel
A paralyzing chill, we cannot speak,
Cling round the heart—o'er all its pulses steal;

'Tis nature's death we look on—each cold blast
Sounds as the knell of some departed joy;
The ruthless conqueror o'er each scene hath past,
With mighty arm commission'd to destroy!

AUGUSTA.

FROM THE BIZOU.

THE POET WARRIOR.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Stayed is the war-horse in his strength,
Broke is the barbed arrow,
The spell has conquered on Nithside,
Which won of yore on Yarrow.
O did he bear a charmed sword
That for no mail would tarry,
And on his youthful head a helm
Was forged in land of fairy.
Did Saxon shaft and war axe dint
Fall on charm'd mail and elven flint?
His spell was valor, and he came
When warriors' hearts were coldest,
And poured his fire through peasant's souls,
And led and ruled the boldest.
He with flushed brow, and flashing eyes,
And right arm bare and gory,
Rushed reeking o'er the lives of men,
And turned our shame to glory.
A hero's soul was his, and higher
The minstrel's love, and poet's fire.

Seek for a dark and downcast eye,
A glance 'mongst men the mildest;
Seek for a bearing haught and high
Can daunt and awe the wildest.
Seek one whose soul in tenderness
Is steeped—who to the lyre
Can pour out song as fast and bright
As heaven can pour its fire.
Seek him, and when thou find'st him, kneel,
Though thou hadst gold spurs on thy heel.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Grave.

PUZZLE II.—Because he wants mending.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

I am a word of five letters, and signify that which is often productive of laughter. Omit my 3d and I belong to every man, woman and child. Omit my 4th and I am what all like the best of, and what travellers wish to reduce. My 4th, 2d, 3d and 5th form a word signifying what all are perplexed with. My 4th, 2d and 3d, the name of a vehicle. My 2d, 4th and 5th compose a word signifying a small quantity. My four last, transposed, denote what generally belongs to the swift, and what all spring from. My 5th, 2d and 3d constitute the name of an invaluable organ, formed by nature. My 1st, 5th, 2d and 3d compose a word belonging to cowards.

II.

Why is a constable like an almanac?

Persons wishing to subscribe for the 5th volume of the Repository, can be supplied with the previous numbers. We have now on hand two complete sets, including the 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th volume, for sale. One Dollar will be given for the 2d volume at this office.

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